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"Oh! my bitter curse (axing y'er pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for ating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tethers him by the leg when I'm going out;—but he's so 'cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty?—you are close to the quarry, and could build him a sty in half an hour?"

"Is it a sty for the likes of him!—cock him up with a sty! Och, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day!"

"But not for the *morrow*, Larry."

"Now y'er at me again!—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! if there isn't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye'er in a hurry, are ye?—well, ye must wait till y'er hurry is over; I'm not going to hurry myself, wid whiskey in my bottle, and sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn the better, Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow*, Larry."

"True, for ye, ma'am dear; though people takes a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, when they've full and plenty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then, and it'll be all the same in a hundred years. Sure, I see ye plain enough, Master Rashleigh. God help me! I broke the oar yesterday, and never thought to get it mended; and my head's splitting open with the pain—I took a drop too much last night, and that makes me fit for nothing—"

"On the *morrow*, Larry."

"Faith! ma'am dear, you're too bad. Oh, dear! If I had the sense to set the lobster-pots last night, what a power I'd ha' caught!—they're dancing the hays merrily down there, the cowardly blackguards! but I didn't think —"

"Of the *morrow*, Larry."

"Oh, then, let me alone, lady, dear! What will I do wid the oar! Jim Connor gave me a beautiful piece of strong rope yesterday, but I didn't want it; and—I believe one of the childer got hold of it—I didn't think —"

"Of the *morrow*, Larry!"

"By dad, I have it!—I can poke the coble on with this ould pitchfork; there's not much good in it; but never heed—it's the master's, and he's too much the jontleman to mind trifles; though I'm thinking times a'n't as good wid him now as they used to be; for Barney Clarey tould Nelly Parnell, who tould Tom Lavery, who tould it out foreint me and a dale more genteel men who were taking a drop o' comfort at St. Patrick's, as how they bottle the whiskey, and salt the mate at the big house; and if that isn't a bad sign I don't know what is:—though we may thank the English housekeeper for it, I'm thinking—wid her beaver bonnet and her yellow silk shawl, that my wife (who knows the differ) says, after all, is only calico-cotton."

"What do you mean by bottling the whiskey and salting the meat, Larry?"

"Now, don't be coming over us after that fashion; may-be ye don't know, indeed? Sure the right way, my lady, is to have the whiskey on draught; and then it's so refreshing, of a hot summer's day, to take a hearty swig;—and in winter—by the powers! Ma'am honey, let me just take the liberty of advising you never to desert the whiskey; it'll always keep the could out of y'er heart, and the trouble from y'er eye. Sure the clargy take to it, and lawyers take to it, far before new milk; and his holiness the Pope—God bless him!—to say nothing of the king (who is the first king of *hearts we ever had*) who drinks nothing but Innishown—which, to my taste, has'n't half the fire of the rale Potteen. It's next to a deadly sin to bottle whiskey in a jontleman's house:—and, as to salting mate!—sure the ancient Irish fashion—the fashion of the good ould times—is just to kill the baste, and thin hang it by the legs in a convanient place; and, to be sure, every one can take a part of what they like best."

"But do you know that the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negers! that's the way they get rich,

and sniff at the world, my jewel; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it's long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland alone."

"Do you think so, indeed, Larry?"

"I'll prove it to ye, my lady, if ye'll jist wait till I bring over that impudent chap, Rashleigh Jones, who's ever running after the day, as if he had'n't a bit to eat:—there, d'ye see him?—he's dancing mad—he may just as well take it asy. It's such as him give people the feaver. There's that devil of a goat grinning at me; sorra a drop of milk we can get from her, for she won't stand quiet for a body to catch her; and my wife's not able, and I'm not willing, to go capering over the cliffs. Never mind!—sure whiskey is better nor milk."

At last Larry and his boat are off, by the assistance of the pitchfork, and most certainly he does not hurry himself; but where is Rashleigh going to? As I live! he has got into Mr. Dorkin's pleasure-boat, that has just turned the corner of the island, and will be at this side before Larry gets to the other. Larry will not easily pardon this encroachment; not because of the money, but because of his privilege. I have heard it rumoured that if Larry does not become more active he will lose his situation; but I cannot believe it: he is, when fairly on the water, the most careful boatman in the county; and permit me to mention, in *sotto voce* (I would not have it repeated for the world,) that his master could not possibly dismiss him on the charge of heedlessness, because he himself once possessed *unencumbered* property by field and flood, wooded hills, verdant vales, and pure-gushing rivers. Those fair heritages are, however, unfortunately, passing into the hands of other proprietors; and the hair of the generous, good-natured landlord has become white, and sorrow has furrowed his brow, long before sixty summers have glowed upon his head. His children, too, do not hold that station in society to which their birth entitles them; and, latterly, he has not been so often on the grand jury, nor at the new Member's dinners. The poor love him as well as ever; but the rich have neglected, in a great degree, his always hospitable board. Rats, it is said, desert a falling house: have nobler ones the same propensity? Be it as it may, the parish priest told me, in confidence, that all the change originated in our excellent friend's never thinking of *TO-MORROW*.

Mrs. S. C. Hall.

SONG.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Along the stream of life we row,
With constant mind;
Still lightly touching as we go,
Each port we find.
The dullest spot we carol by,
With laugh and lay:
And be it still, with smile or sigh—
Touch, and away!

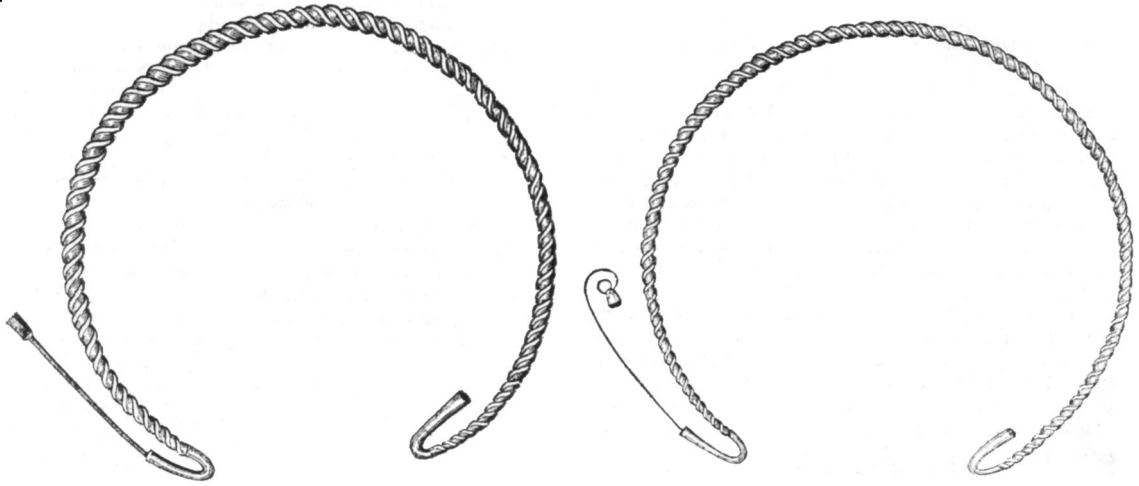
We never dream that sunny hours
Were made to last;
But know, like them, that storms and showers,
Must soon be past.
And thus springs pass, and springs return;
Joys come and flee—
And sober mortals laugh and mourn—
We still are free! J. U. U.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

In our little history of the progress of the Fine Arts in Ireland in a former number, page 84, we made mention of the numerous golden ornaments of a very remote age which are being constantly discovered, and among others, alluded to the golden Torques or collars. As illustrations of these we now present our readers with two fine examples, lately to be seen in Dublin.

The form of these ornaments, which are of fine gold and excellent workmanship, will be best understood by the engravings. The first is 5 feet 7 inches in length and weighs

27oz. 9dr. The second is 5 feet 6 inches in length, but weighs only 12oz. 6dr. Ornaments of the same description, but of far less intrinsic value, are often found in Ireland; a beautiful specimen in the museum of Major Sirr, only weighs between 3 and 4 ounces. They are frequently found with *Armille* or bracelets of the same pattern.



These ornaments are of that description known among antiquarians under the Roman appellation of *Torques* or *Torquis*, a word generally derived from the Celtic *Torc*, a twisted collar. They appear to have been common to all the Celtic nations as we find from ancient writers. Livy tells us that, Publius Cornelius in his triumph over the Bori, a Gaulic nation, collected among other spoils no less than 1470 *Torques*; and we find in Propertius, that Britomartus a commander of the Gauls wore such an ornament. Dio Cassius notices a *Torc* of this description as ornamenting the person of the British queen Boadicea; and even within a few centuries of the present time a Welsh Prince was called *Llewellyn aur dorchag*, or Llewellyn of the golden *Torc*. The *Torques* found in France and Wales, are exactly similar to the Irish; a fine one found near Harlech, in the year 1692, is preserved in the Mostyn family in Flintshire.

It has been supposed by some Antiquarians that the use of these ornaments was derived from the Romans. But the great number discovered in Ireland—the writer has himself seen not less than eight—is opposed to such a conjecture, and we may with much greater probability refer them to a Celtic origin. It does not appear that

they were generally worn by the Romans, and the very appellation, *Torquatus*, bestowed on Titus Manlius, from the golden *Torc* taken by him from a Gaul whom he slew in the year 393, and which was worn by his family as a badge of distinction for so many ages afterwards, seems to support this conclusion. Besides, they are not found in the ruins of Roman Cities.

These ornaments were found about twenty years since, in the County of Meath, in the neighbourhood, as it is said, of the celebrated hill of Tara, the seat of the palace of the supreme monarch of Ireland in very ancient times. They were originally purchased by the late Alderman West of Skinners' Row, after the breaking up of whose establishment they passed into the hands of the present alderman of the same name, and have ultimately found a purchaser in his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

P.

THE DROWNED SHEPHERD.

In 1822, when the western part of Ireland was afflicted with grievous famine, and when England stepped forward nobly, and poured forth her thousands to save those who were perishing for want, a *dépôt* of provisions was established on the sea-coast, for the relief of the suffering inhabitants of this remote district.

A solitary family, who had been driven from their lowland home by the severity of a relentless *middle-man*, had settled themselves in this wild valley, and erected the clay walls of that ruined hut before you. The man was shepherd to a farmer who kept cattle on these mountains. Here, in this savage retreat, he lived removed from the world, for the nearest cabin to this spot is more than four miles distant.

It may be supposed that the general distress afflicted this isolated family. The welcome news of the arrival of succours at Ballycroy at length reached them, and the herdsman set out to procure some of the *commutec-meal* to relieve the hunger of his half-starved family.

On arriving at the *dépôt*, the stock of meal was nearly expended, however, he obtained a temporary supply, and was comforted with the assurance that a large quantity was hourly expected.

Anxious to bring the means of sustenance to his suffering little ones, the herdsman crossed the mountains with his precious burden, and reached that hillock where the stones are loosely piled.

But during his absence at Ballycroy, the rain had fallen heavily in the hills; the river was no longer fordable—a furious torrent of discoloured water rushed from the

heights, and choked up the narrow channel. *There* stood the returning parent, within twenty paces of his wretched but dearly loved hovel. The children with a cry of delight rushed from the hut to the opposite bank to welcome him; but terrified by the fearful appearance of the flood, his wife entreated him not to attempt its passage for the present.

But would he, a powerful and experienced swimmer, be deterred? The eager and hungry looks of his expecting family, maddened the unhappy father. He threw aside his clothes, bound them with the meal upon his back—crossed himself devoutly, and “in the name of God,” committed himself to the swollen river.

For a moment he breasted the torrent gallantly—two strokes more would bring him to the bank—when the treacherous load turned, caught him round the neck, swept him down the stream, sank, and drowned him. He struggled hard for life. His wife and children followed the unhappy man as he was borne away—and their agonizing shrieks told him, poor wretch, that assistance from them was hopeless. At last, the body disappeared, and was taken up the following morning four miles from this fatal place. One circumstance attended this calamity; to philosophers I leave its elucidation, while I pledge myself for its accuracy in point of fact. A herd of cattle galloped madly down the river-side at the time their unhappy keeper was perishing—their bellowings were heard for miles, and they were discovered next morning grouped around the body of the dead shepherd, in the corner of a sandy cove where the abated flood had left it.—*Wild Sports of the West.*